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Roxbury, Dec. 10, 1867.

My dear Wendell:

Another disappointment! I have had to send you a telegram to-day, announcing that I cannot be with you in New York till Friday evening, 20th inst. Do not infer that I am not anxious to see you all at the Park, as soon as practicable. For some ten days past, it has been a matter of uncertainty when the Lyceum Committee of Melrose would wish me to deliver a lecture in that town. But they have just decided ~~on~~<sup>for</sup> Monday evening next. So that if I should go to Orange this week, I could spend only Thursday and Friday there, as I should have to leave on Saturday morning, and could not enjoy the leisure of Sunday with you. On Thursday forenoon, 19th inst., I am to attend a public breakfast in Boston, to be given to Hon. Neal Dow by the friends of Temperance, in view of his labors abroad and arrival home. On the evening of that day, I am to lec-



ture in Worcester. Therefore, I propose leaving that city on Friday morning, taking the morning train from Boston for New York, via Springfield and New Haven, and hoping to arrive at 27th Street at the usual time in the evening, 5 or 5 1/2 o'clock. In that case we can have a Sunday to ourselves, and I shall not be hurried on the score of time, as I am not to lecture again till some time in January. I think you will prefer to have it so, rather than ~~to~~ have so hurried and unsatisfactory a visit, if I should come this week.

The last two days have been severely cold; the thermometer indicating 2 deg. below zero, and not rising much above zero till this morning, which brings us a snow-storm. It is now again ~~the~~ pleasant, (afternoon,) with not snow enough to make sleighing, and the mercury only at freezing point.

I am sorry not to be at the Ladies' Fair for the benefit of the Freedmen. But



I am to be present and speak at a similar meeting, by express invitation, to-morrow evening, at Cambridge, Charles Eliot Norton in the chair. He invites me to tea.

In your letter, you speak of my approaching birth-day as making me 64! I am willing to "come to time," but would not have it anticipated. On Thursday, 12th, (by the Newburyport town records,) I shall be 63 years old. That is so long a term from my advent into this "breathing world," that, in the course of nature, my exit from it cannot be very remote. Well, I believe in "marching on" with the soul of John Brown. The only thing needed is, to be

"Dressed for the flight, and ready to be gone."

I presume you and Lucy enjoyed Dickens's readings.

Yesterday I loaned some money to Mr. Sinclair, (a Scotch acquaintance, one who in England manfully stood by Mr. Lincoln and the North during the rebellion,



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and who for two or three years past has been engaged in an emigration scheme of skilled laborers from Europe,) and he promised to leave it at your office, and in your care, this week. Should he do so, keep it till I come. I told him he could leave it with Tilton or Johnson, at the Independent office, if he chose. I am a little afraid, from appearances, that it will not be forthcoming. But, non verrons.

It is hard to find language to describe that portion of Andy Johnson's message relating to Congress, reconstruction, and the freedmen. It, alone, should subject him to impeachment and removal.

I always regret to see any thing in "The Nation" at those who believe in the necessity and duty of impeachment. Leave that to traitors and copperheads.

Your loving father,  
W. L. G.